Thank God for the good brother who started my first subscription. May God bless you in your efforts. – *Norfolk, Va.*

(Many of our renewals come from those who learned of the paper through some other reader's thoughtfulness. We'll seek to do our part by issuing a stimulating journal. You can help by introducing our efforts to five others for only 7.50. Send us their names and addresses, with zip code (if you know it), and we'll send them the paper for a year. – *Ed.*

We have really been blessed with our move here. This congregation is growing spiritually and we have some really good open Bible classes for those connected with the university. There is more freedom for discussion and opportunity to express divergent views and such really terrific Christians. – *Sherman and Dianne Shewmaker, 833 Park Sq. Dr., Bloomington, In.*

When the current issue of *Restoration Review* came, I read it at one sitting, laid it aside and quoted Portia's statement to her lady in waiting as they approached at night her Belmont Castle:

"How far that little candle throws
his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty
world." (Merchant of Venice)

Though your journal and *Mission* and some of my dear brethren give me hope, I had wanted to see more change in "our movement" before my approaching my threescore and ten. The Lord bless your efforts and the efforts of all who promote His will for His sake. – *James W. Culp, Texas Tech U., Lubbock*

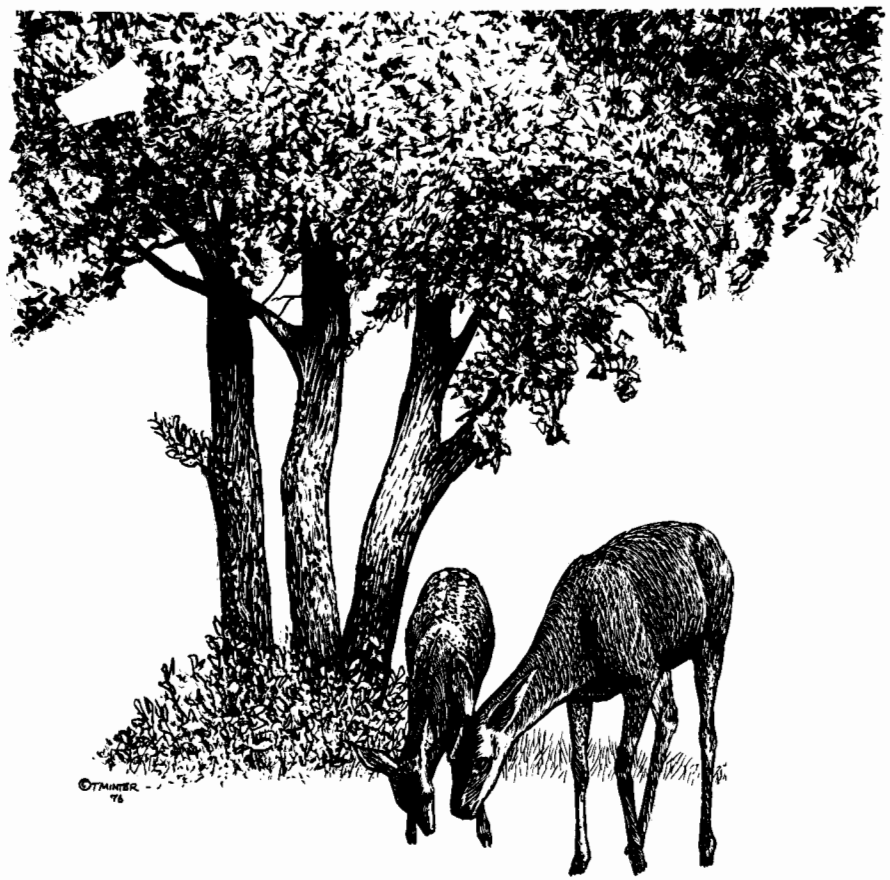
This is the first number of Vol. 19. We hope you like the increase in the number of pages and the additional material. The paper is even improved, whiter and better. And we are all resolved (especially the printer!) to get the paper to you a little sooner each month, which is a task for a comparatively small print shop. If you are with us in our efforts, we urge you to pass along the good word. Many, many more would be reading these pages *if they only knew about us.* A sample copy often does it. We will send the paper to any five names you send us for only 7.50 for the year, or single sample copies at 25 cents each to as many names as you list. Single subs are 3.00 per year or 5.00 for two years.
Restoration Review, 1201 Windsor Dr., Denton, Texas 76201

Our First Church

RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

January, 1977 Vol. 19, No. 1



The hope is that in the end the whole of created life will be rescued from the tyranny of change and decay, and have its shore in that magnificent liberty which can only belong to the children of God!
(Romans 8:21, Phillips)

PREFACE TO VOLUME 19

Among the world figures that I most admire is Aleksander I. Solzhenitsyn. I have the distinct honor of having arrived in this world on exactly the same day he did. It was unlikely, way back in 1918, that one newly born baby in one part of the world would grow up to refer to the other one in another part of the world in a preface like this, and even less likely that we should both be writers, he a novelist and I an editor. We also hold common ground in that we are *writers in protest,* men who call for reform in those systems and institutions that by their very nature tend to enslave, denying people of their right to think, to question, and to grow. He was destined to spend much of his life in prison and exile in that he was born in a country that dogs his trail and haunts him even in foreign lands. My country provides couriers to bear what I write to thousands of villages, towns, and cities in all our 50 states, while his country forbids the circulation of what he writes, making it necessary for his works to move underground. My country would be proud should I win a Nobel Prize, while his country forbad him to receive the one offered him.

That is why his country builds walls to keep people *in,* while my country has to build walls to keep people *out,* which it does not do very well, the Mexican border being one witness to that fact. But we both have concern over the walls that men build, for some walls are erected even within free societies.

But it is more than the circumstance of birth that has made Solzhenitsyn the great writer that he is. Like the prophets of Israel, fire burns in his bones. He is an angry man. He does not take pen in hand that he might write well and win literary prizes, but that he might say what burns within him. It is not literary skill that makes him great, but that he summons words designed to set men free. It isn't simply that he has the right word but that he has the right cause.

It is one thing to be a Faulkner or a Hemingway and do one's work in the comforts of sunny Mississippi or romantic Cape Cod, troubled only by the irregular flow of inspiration, and quite another to be a Solzhenitsyn who has to write in secrecy, hiding himself as well as his notes, realizing that the police might knock at his door at anytime. Indeed, what measure of liberty the Russian novelist ever had came through the fame he gained through writings that were smuggled into other countries. He became too famous to arrest!

Many of us hardly ever say anything worthwhile even to our captive audiences, while he has produced some of the world's greatest literature as a captive and with no audience. Many of us say the things we do only because men are free, while he says what he says in order to set men free. Many of us speak so as to preserve the system, while he speaks to protest the system. Many of us act as if we supposed people are made for the system, while it is evident that he sees the system as made for people.

It is ironic that the most dramatic voice in behalf of freedom in our time should emerge from behind the Iron Curtain. The most oppressive nation in the world has produced the most effective voice for human rights and liberty. It says something for man's fundamental drive to be free. This is what gives Solzhenitsyn hope for the future of his own people. Though he now lives in exile, he has hope that he will someday return – as a free man in a free land. When people are sorely oppressed for long enough, they will finally protest and demand to be free, he believes.

That he believes in man's basic drive to be free is a mark of his greatness, and it is this that inspires his pen. This gives a spiritual dimension to his message. There is an urgency to his appeal only because he believes that man *can* do something about his enslavement. I especially like one of his illustrations: if the whole earth, land and sea alike, were covered with concrete, that concrete would have a few cracks here and there, and from those cracks grass would grow; that is freedom. And that's faith!

It is with something of this spirit that we commence our 19th edition of *Restoration Review.* Counting its forefunner, *Bible Talk,* it is really our Silver Anniversary volume. This calls for something special, so in this volume we will have an extra 40 pages of material. We intend that every page probe still more deeply into the vital areas of the Christian faith, especially in reference to principles of unity and fellowship, which is our theme for the year.

We realize that the church is not immune to the concretizing influences of our secularistic and materialistic age. The concrete often lay uneven before us, as well as thick, obstructing our way. But thank God that there are many cracks here and there. The task of the Christian editor is to help make things grow in those cracks. Finally there will be more and more cracks and more and more growth, and less and less concrete. He must believe that God not only supplies the seed, but the sunlight as well, "The sun of righteousness shall rise with healing in its wings," cried the prophet at the twilight of a new age. May that light be reflected in every page of this our 25th year of publication, and may you the reader be blessed thereby, is our prayer.

No ray of sunlight is ever lost,
but the green which it wakes into
existence needs time to sprout,
and it is not always granted to the sower
to live to see the harvest.
All work that is worth anything
is done in faith.

Albert Schweitzer

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Communion with the celestial universe, and most especially with him that created it, and for whom it was created and tenanted, is the highest honor and the greatest happiness humanity can by any possibility achieve.
– Alexander Campbell, *Millennial Harbinger,* 1861, p. 393

Principles of Unity and Fellowship . . .

GOD'S ETERNAL PURPOSE: UNITY OF ALL THINGS IN CHRIST

He has made known to us in all wisdom and insight the mystery of his will, according to his purpose which he set forth in Christ as a plan for the fulness of time, to unite all things in him, things in heaven and things on earth. –Eph 1:9-10

The ideal of unity is not merely a concept concocted by man in one of his more creative moments, whether he be poet or philosopher. Rather it is hailed in scripture as the very core of God's eternal purpose, not only for humanity but for the whole of the universe. The Christ is not only held up as the creator and preserver of the universe, but also as that unifying force that will eventually make all things one in himself. This is an astounding revelation. However corrupted this earth may be by sin, however uneven the universe may be in its imperfect state, however marred all things are by the rebellion of men and angels, it is uplifting to realize that in the fulness of time the whole of the universe will find oneness in Christ. This is almost too much for us to grasp. We are but looking into a glass darkly in the face of such staggering truth.

Philosophers have been haunted for centuries over the question of unity in a diverse universe. It is indeed a *uni*-verse or a *pluri*-verse? The question of "the one and the many" is thus one of the stickiest in metaphysical thought. Long before Socrates, who died in 339 B.C., philosophers applied their minds to the nature of "world stuff," some concluding that it is fire or water or movement. Heraclitus said it was *logos*. Centuries later Plato was to discover what he called "universals," concluding that all the different things are but reflections of their universal form or idea, and the Idea behind it was the Good or God. Plato would surely have been intrigued by Eph. 1:9-10, which says that all the multiplicity of things of both heaven and earth, however diverse and divided, will at last be made one in Christ – in the Logos. It is not all that foreign to what he was trying to say.

If division and strife began with sin then it began with Adam. We may presume that Adam's home in Eden was at first perfect, with no discord. There was consequently no religion, for there was no need of it. But once sin entered into the world, God's plan for its remedy began to be revealed. God placed a curse upon the earth because of the sin, as well as upon the tempter and our first parents. To the Satan-incarnated serpent he said: "I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your seed and her seed; it shall bruise your head, and you shall bruise his heel." Jewish and Christian scholars agree that this is a prophecy pointing to the Messiah. His mission of peace and love would heal the wound of division and strife by overcoming the power of Satan.

But sin had already begun in heaven, and the angels were divided between good and evil. Otherwise there would be no Satan to tempt the first pair. So, heaven and the angels, earth and humanity, along with all

that we call "nature," was affected by sin and rebellion. Sorrow was now a human experience (Gen. 3:17) and the earth that was man's servant was to be a hard taskmaster, for only in the sweat of man's brow would it yield its fruit. Thorns and thistles would henceforth pester man. Disease, sickness and death would haunt his steps. All of nature was now divided in the moving drama of good and evil. Even the earth would have to be redeemed from its curse if ever it enjoyed once more its pristine purity.

As sin continued upon the earth, God's condemnation of it was made clear by the cry of prophets, who go back even to Enoch, the seventh from Adam. Jude tells us that Enoch prophesied, "Behold, the Lord comes with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all" (Jude 14). This prophecy had likely passed along in Jewish tradition as a commentary on God's hatred of sin. Sin always divides and alienates, while it is love that unites. It was to be the gospel of Christ, and that alone, that would have the power to heal the sins of the universe and to make all things in heaven and earth one.

The Creator's grand design for us is centered in love. "He destined us in love to be his sons through Jesus Christ, according to the purpose of his will," writes the apostle in Eph. 1:5. This love is shown in His "glorious grace," which is manifest in the Christ (verse 6), through whom we have redemption (verse 7). He goes on in verse 8 to speak of "the riches of his grace, which he lavished upon us." It is as if the apostle could not say enough about grace and love. Grace is not merely available, but it is lavished upon us. That is how God loves, he is saying.

Then comes the great passage that shows that God's secret intention, as Schonfield renders it, is for "that ultimate Government when he shall have brought everything under Christ's jurisdiction, both in heaven and on earth." This is of course the essence of unity: mutual acceptance of the Lordship of Christ. God's plan for "the fullness of time" is that all creation will recognize that Lordship, rational and irrational beings alike, animate and inanimate objects alike. In some way, according to God's own wisdom, both angels and men will be one, as well as the fish of the sea, the birds of the sky and the beasts of the field. All of nature, however diverse, will be one in Christ.

Paul's view of this is not all futuristic. The Ephesian letter reveals that unity is *now* in the Body of Christ. Christ is the head over all things for the church, which is his body, and that body is the fullness of Christ himself (1:23). Those who were dead through their trespasses are now "alive together with Christ" (2:4). The Gentiles, who were far off, are brought nigh by the the blood of Christ (2:13). Jews and Gentiles are created "one new man" in Christ, making peace and breaking down the hostility that existed (2:14-16). So now the whole structure, the household of God is joined together and grows into a holy temple in the Lord (2:20-21). All this is "the unity of the Spirit" that is to be preserved)Eph. 4:3).

And yet there is that universal unity that is yet to be. Obviously all things in the universe are not now one in Christ. But since Christ is "the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation," and since by him "all things hold together" (Col. 1: 15-17), it follows that oneness in him

will one day be perfected. In verses 19-20 he writes as if this reconciliation were already a reality: "In him all the fullness of God was pleased to dwell, and through him to reconcile to himself all things, whether on earth or in heaven, making peace by the blood of his cross."

All of nature is clearly a part of God's redemptive plan. "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself (2 Cor. 5:19) may reach beyond human kind to embrace the natural order, for Ro. 8:19 assures us that the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the sons of God. The next verse says that God subjected it to futility *in hope*. Then the apostle makes an astounding statement: "the creation itself will be set free from its bondage to decay and obtain the glorious liberty of the children of God." He goes on to picture the creation as "groaning in travail" for its deliverance as would a woman with child.

It is in this light that Peter writes in a special way about "his promise" that the saints await: *new heavens and a new earth in which righteousness dwells.* (2 Pet. 3:13). This new earth must be the redeemed creation of which Paul writes. There is to be a *new* earth in which righteousness dwells. What a promise that is! And what Peter saw as a special promise John actually saw in prophetic vision: "I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more" (Rev. 21:1). Besides this there is the promise from Him who sits upon the throne, " Behold, I make all things new."

All these new things in new heavens and a new earth will be one in Christ. This is the ultimate meaning of unity in Christ. We see it here as an eternal principle, as God's plan for the ages, the grand climax of all He has designed for man and all creation.

The world that now is has much to be desired. In Gal. 1:4 Paul refers to it as "the present evil age" and 1 Jn. 5:19 allows that "the whole world is in the power of the evil one." Though we live in this world, 1 Jn. 5:4 tells us, our faith is to overcome it, and Satan rather than God is now and again referred to as the prince or the ruler of this world.

In practical terms all this can be spelled out in terms of crime, starvation, oppression, violence, disease, misery, and death. All such enemies of truth and righteousness will one day be overcome by God's reign upon earth through the Prince of Peace. We are caught up in this eternal conflict, and we can rejoice in the assurance that victory will one day come. Darkness will give way to light; division and strife will give way to peace and unity.

This has great significance in reference to the *now,* and there is of course no way for us to avoid the realities of our present situation. In the face of the staggering truth that God's eternal purpose is unity of all things in Christ we have to confess to the sin of a divided church. One would suppose that if God would unite all the diverse elements of the universe for the sake of Jesus that we could unite the Church of God upon earth for his sake. But therein is the crux of it all, for it can only be by God's power working in us that we are able to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Only by yielding to the Spirit within us do we overcome the sin of partyism.

We live in but a moment of God's eternal plan. There is no question as to the outcome of "the fullness of time," for the Ruler of the universe will accomplish all that He has promised through the apostles. We ourselves are the only question mark, as to whether we will be part of those who are instrumental in doing God's thing. If we love our party more than God's eternal plan, then we may be left out. It is a marvelous blessing that the least of us can be and will be used of God in carrying out His grand design, if that is our choosing. This is what I will for you, that you will choose to be so used of God to bring peace and harmony to His church for now and eternity.

– the Editor

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE MADE WHOLE?

If the question were more often put this way rather than *What Must I Do to be Saved?*, it might strike home with greater effect. That is what "to be saved" really means in the Greek: to make sound, safe or whole. If one looks into a concordance that gives the Greek term along with the English, he will notice that the same Greek word is translated both as *saved* and *made whole.* It is unfortunate that such a beautiful term as "saved" is now commonly associated with the burlesque in religion. Most folk who are turned off by the *Are you saved?* kind of approach will be more responsive to the concept of wholeness.

Too, salvation implies a once-for-all kind of experience, something one "gets" and that's it, whereas *to be made whole* is more suggestive of a continuing experience. In fact, they become two entirely different questions, and a person who is most definite about being "saved" might demur at the idea that he is made whole. This may be because *saved* is commonly associated with sin – saved from past sins – while *made whole* has broader implications. One suffering from anxiety may be saved, but not really whole. Certainly one dying of cancer may be saved from his sins, but almost no one would think of him as made whole.

This is an odd development, for in the New Covenant scriptures there is only one passage that explicitly states that salvation is from sin (Mt. 1:21). About one-third of the "saved" passages refer to deliverance from some such evil as captivity, disease or demon possession; or from physical death, as in Mt. 8:25 ("Save, Lord, we are perishing."); or from the calamities of a fallen Jerusalem, as in Mk. 13:20 ("If the Lord had not shortened the days, no human being would be saved.") While the term obviously refers to deliverance from sin, it may well encompass more than this. "By grace are you saved" refers first of all to redemption from sin and the covenant relationship with God that follows, but it might likewise involve the abundant life that Jesus wants for us all. He wants us to be *whole* persons, sound in mind, body and spirit.

To the sick woman that sought to touch but the hem of the Lord's garment, he said: "Daughter, your faith has made you *whole.*" It is the same word for *saved.* We are to conclude

that she was delivered from *both* her sins and her terrible affliction. Wholeness in God's sight seems to be this. He doesn't intend that we be sick in either body or spirit. God's will for us is not always realized, of course. Yes, we may be whole even when diseased and afflicted in that we have been made free from sin, but the fact remains that God wills for us that fuller wholeness that involves all that the good life implies. As Paul put it in 1 Thess. 5:23: ("May the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be kept sound and blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.") This is salvation in the broader sense, though *wholeness* may be the better term.

Healing was obviously a significant part of the Messiah's mission. The prophets had said it would be. "The sun of righteousness shall rise with healing in its wings," cried Malachi in closing out the era of prophecy. Isaiah insisted that the Messiah would ease the troubled heart: "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." He also said that "with his stripes we are healed." One would be hard put to conclude that the prophet is referring only to deliverance from sin, for all this is in addition to the promise that "he was wounded for our transgressions."

God's plan for us is not complete if we are saved from past sins, and then proceed to live in poverty, disease and frustration. He moves us from darkness to light (1 Pet. 2:9), from alienation to heavenly citizenship (Phil. 3:20), and from slavery to freedom (Gal. 5:1). These have strong moral implications. We are to be the tree that brings forth good fruit, the light of the world, the salt of the earth. All this spells fullness and wholeness of life.

This means that we have a moral obligation to be happy (joyous) and to generate happiness in our time. As pilgrims in this world (not *wanderers!)* our mission is to leave it better than we found it. Better TV, better education, better political systems, better homes, better everything. This view will broaden our concept of ministry, for this is to say that the governor of the state and the builder of a house are ministers of God as much as one who serves in the pulpit. We are in this world to heal, to make men whole, wherever we serve.

What must you do to be saved? or to be made whole? It may include more dedicated service on the job. It may mean being a more devoted husband. It may point to a sweeter attitude toward life and people. Or controlling one's temper. Or taking better care of the body that God has given you. Or making better use of your time. Or being more neighborly and more concerned for the problems of others. A person who grumbles and growls his way through life is not whole. He has allowed the abundant life to pass him by. He may have money laid up in the bank, but he is not rich toward God.

Loving. Learning. Laboring. These are at the heart of the good life that Jesus came to bring. We have reason to believe they will continue into eternity. Always loving, learning, laboring. That is wholeness, and that is what life is all about. That one can be a good church member and do none of these only shows how the church can miss the point of salvation.

Jesus made it clear that "He that believes and is baptized shall be saved." Wholeness begins with the new

birth, of water and of the Spirit. Faith and obedience puts us into Christ where we are a new creation. From that moment on Christ is formed in us and we continue to grow in his image, bearing the fruit of the Spirit, especially love, joy and peace. We "grow up into him in all things" (Eph. 4:15).

This is what salvation and wholeness are. This is why the apostle could urge us to "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling" (Phil. 2:12), and it is why Peter places salvation as the end of one's faith as well as the beginning (1 Pet. 1:9). So we see that salvation is a continuing thing – it is process – and so we can think of it as "nearer now than when we first believed" (Ro. 13:11). That is why wholeness may be the better word in many contexts.

Once Jesus made his way into the home of Zacchaeus, his impressions were such that he made a very unusual statement. "This day is salvation come to this house, forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham" (Lk. 19:9), he said to them. He refers to a new life for the publican and his family. It is more than to say Zacchaeus was "saved" from his sins. He was inducted into a new life, a life of repentance, which is ongoing. From that point on, he vowed, he would restore fourfold to every person he had wronged. Much of his riches would now go to the poor. So salvation came. A carping, conniving tax collector found newness and wholeness of life. Holiness and wholeness are closely related.

In commenting on the Zacchaeus story, Albert Barnes makes a helpful comment: "Salvation *commences* when men truly receive Christ, and their sins are pardoned; it is *completed* when the soul is sanctified and received up into heaven."

This gives us an added dimension to the question we have considered all too lightly, *What must I do to be saved?* Part of the answer may be in putting up another question, *What must I be to be whole?* — *the Editor*

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY "THE CHURCH OF CHRIST"?

A brother in Temple, Texas who is president of an investment company, included this provocative statement in a recent letter: "To me this problem of the one church is the heart of all our divisions, and I believe that if it could be understood all the other related problems would fade away."

He is referring to the fact that many, if not most, of the heirs of the Restoration Movement, now splintered into numerous segments, presume that their own group, and that group only, is *the church.* And so "The Church of Christ" or "The Christian Church" in a given town is made to include only those who are *of us* and no one else. The brother believes that if we can come to see the church as the Body of Christ, consisting of *all* those who are in Jesus, it will go far in healing our divisive wounds. Each sect arrogates to itself the claim of being the only true church, which is strongly resented by other believers, thus creating a breach that nothing can span. It is a situation that disgusts the world, thus crippling church growth.

The brother's concern was expressed by a phone call as well as by letter.

He insists that we must straighten out our thinking on what *the church* really is if we take seriously any plea for unity. In response I pointed out that what concerns him is what has always been a threat to the church – to make it parochial rather than catholic. It was the case at the outset. The story of the Jerusalem council in Acts 15 is about that very problem. The Pharisees in the church wanted it to be a Jewish fellowship, predicated upon law-keeping, particularly circumcision. They were willing for Gentiles to accept the faith if they first became Jews. Paul had a different idea about it, insisting that fellowship with God is based only upon faith in Jesus as the Messiah, apart from any works of the law. This was the catholic or universal view of the church.

Well, of course our brother in Temple is right, and we pass his plea along to you for what it may do for you. He is also right when he tells me, commenting upon my piece on "Joining the Church," that one may be part of the Body of Christ who has not yet joined any congregation, and that one is not necessarily out of the Body just because he has been ousted by some congregation. The church is the Lord's, not ours, and it is He who includes and excludes. What He opens none can shut, and what He shuts none can open. Let sectarians beware!

What encourages me about our Temple brother is that he is but one of many who are coming to see the true nature of the church as the Body of Christ, made up of all God's children everywhere. More and more of our people are coming to realize that the Church of Christ in their town consists of far more than those who assemble on the corner of Fifth and Izzard. We are freer when we can take our seat in the assembly, realizing that other believers who are meeting in scores of places in our same town are also Christians and that we don't have to reckon them as heathen. They, too, are Church of Christ if they are in Christ, and never mind about labels and signboards.

This truth is hard for some. I was at a retreat up in Illinois recently, made up mostly of Christian Church folk (I am using the term in a sectarian sense, you will observe!). In teaching about the church, I pointed out that the Christian Church in Illinois is made up of all baptized believers in the entire state. Some of these are in Baptist and Methodist churches, and some probably in all the sects. They are members of the Christian Church because they have obeyed the gospel, in spite of being Baptists or whatever, and that surely those that make up the Christian Church are far more numerous than those who elect to use that name exclusively.

I was in deep trouble and but quick. I began to hear those protests that I've heard so often back home in Texas. One can't be taught wrong and baptized right, I was told I replied that he might be taught wrong about some things and yet be taught right about Jesus – and that he's baptized "right" if he is baptized as a believer, and I quoted Mk. 16:16 of all things. I was told that the church is the Bride and that the Bride must wear the husband's name, and since the denominations do not wear his name they can't be the true church. I observed that if the first part of that were right then we should call ourselves the Church of Jesus, for *Jesus* is his hame, according to the envoy from heaven that announced his coming, and not *Christ*, for that is what he is. Furthermore, I insisted,

the church was given no name, and if it had been given a name then it would be a denomination, since that is what denomination means. But I explained that I recognize no denomination, including our own groups, as the true church. The true church consists of all true believers everywhere, many of whom, are in some sect or denomination, but they are Christians *in spite of* that assocaition, not because of it.

Well, it got rather stormy, those "Christian Church" folk and I. Dr. Elliott Partridge, who was presiding, came to my rescue by getting up and reading from an article in the *Christian Standard* by Dr. Charles Boatman, who had said the same thing I had said, though he probably said it a lot better. But that is more of our sectarianism. If someone who is "of us" says it, it is more palpable. But *Christian Standard* or no, there were several who were ready for me to leave the state and never return for suggesting that the likes of Billy Graham are also members of the Christian Church. One sister was so irritated at me that she could not restrain herself. "You are a wolf in sheep's clothing," she charged, and I had come to teach false doctrine and upset the faith of the faithful. I wanted to assure her that I was in truth her best friend, but there was no way. But I did tell her that I loved her and claimed her as a sister in spite of her sectarianism.

Those who regularly read these columns will note that all the sectarianism that I encounter, and all the abuse, is not in Texas and Tennessee among the non-instrument brethren. Partyism is both organic and inorganic!

For us to believe that we are part of the true Body of Christ is proper, for indeed we are. It is something else for us to presume that we and we alone make up that Body. Such sectarian exclusiveness is the grave of the Restoration Movement, and nothing has done more to close the ears of the Christian world that might otherwise be open to us. No one can resent our believing we are right and that we have vital truth to share, but they do resent and should resent our believing that we are right and everybody else is wrong, and that the only answer to division is for everyone else to conform to our way of doing things.

This came home to me while talking with a brother from Australia, associated with what we would call Disciples of Christ. He had received a bulletin from a non-instrument Church of Christ minister who had written something to the effect that there are now 38 Christians in Adelaide, or whatever. The brother was asking me what the man could possibly mean, for even the Restoration tradition in Australia reaches back 135 years and involves thousands. Since he was unacquainted with the divisions among us in the States, the explanation was both difficult and embarrassing. We decided that the basis of the brother's problem was a false view of the church.

That is what our friend in Temple is saying. It is just as well that we listen to him. There is but one church, never was but one, and never will be but one. It is not the Baptist Church, Methodist Church, Roman Catholic Church, Church of Christ, Christian Church, or Church of God, for these are all denominations, each being separated from the others by a distinct title and creed. Nor is the true church made up of them all. It is rather the Body of Christ, "consisting of all those everywhere that profess their faith in Christ and who obey him in all things according to the scriptures." *the Editor*

Highlights from Our Past . . .

HISTORIC NOTES ON OUR FIRST CHURCH

The old Brush Run church, just across into Pennsylvania from Bethany, Va. (now West Virginia), was not really our very first Church of Christ, even though it is often referred to as such. Barton Stone's Cane Ridge congregation down in Kentucky, and others of its kind, were a few years earlier. Then there were some Glasite or Sandemanian congregations in New England that came over from the Old World that took the name "Church of Christ," and these were earlier still. But insofar as the Campbell movement is concerned, Brush Run was the very first congregation, and it is in order for us to trace our thousands of congregations today back to that one. For this reason a few historical notes about that first congregation might prove to be both interesting and provocative.

1. Those who started it did not really intend to start a church. Thomas Campbell, the guiding light of the fledgling movement, only intended that the Christian Association of Washington (Pa.) be a society that would work for peace and unity among all the churches, with its adherents remaining members of their own denominations. But it did not work out that way, and so the Brush Run chruch was organized on May 4, 1811.

2. It wore no name at all except the Brush Run church. It existed until about 1828, at which time it moved into Bethany. When a brick structure was erected, which still stands, the name engraved in stone above the door read "Church of Christ." In 1823 a second church was started, with 32 members from Brush Run being dismissed "to start a church ot Christ" in nearby Wellsburg. These included Alexander Campbell and his wife Margaret, as well as youthful Selina Bakewell, who in just five more years was to be the second Mrs. Campbell. Campbell had immersed Selina and her mother in 1820.

3. From the very first Sunday it observed the Lord's Supper each first day. This was due to the influence of the Haldane churches in Scotland. Campbell believed that a church was not a true church if it did not break bread each first day.

4. At Brush Run's first service three members refused to break bread because they were unbaptized (the others had all been sprinkled), and so they asked Thomas Campbell to baptize them, which was by immersion. This is the famous "root baptism," as it came to be called, since Campbell did not himself get into the water, but knelt on a root while immersing. Their critics later were to poke fun at this. At this time Brush Run accepted "sprinkled" people as baptized, and the Campbells would not then rebaptize such ones. But it was understood that anyone not baptized at all would be baptized by immersion. The Campbells themselves were not immersed at this time.

5. From May 4, 1811, until June 12, 1812 there were only these three members of Brush Run that were immersed. On the June date both of the Campbells and their wives, along with three others at Brush Run, were immersed by a Baptist minister. At the next meeting of the church 13 more requested immersion, and others still later. Those not immersed soon dropped out. So, for the first 13 months our very first congregation was made up almost altogether of unimmersed members.

6. When the church was first formed Thomas Campbell required each member to respond to a creedal statement realtive to the efficacy of Christ's death, which some did not pass and were refused membership. But the practice was dropped immediately after this.

7. The church ordained at least one man to the ministry, and that was Alexander Campbell, on New Year's Day, 1812.

8. The congregation had but one elder, and that was Thomas Campbell, and there were four deacons. Plurality of elders came later.

9. The congregation did not or would not pay for its building! The builder that prepared it for them, a structure 18 by 36, had to file suit in order to get his money, which was two cents shy of 100.00, three years later. Once deserted, it was sold for a blacksmith shop; still later it served as a post office and then as a stable. Seventy-five years after it was built some Disciples with a sense of history recovered its remains, and they are now stored in Bethany, with the idea that one day the old structure might be restored. The site of the church is now fenced off and preserved as a picnic area, and it is often visited by pilgrims to "Campbell country."

10. Brush Run was a member of the Redstone Baptist Association, but their acceptance into the organization was unusual since they resolved to accept no creed except the Bible. They gradually came to be tagged as "Reformers" and were viewed with suspicion. When Thomas Campbell, now moved to Pittsburgh (He was always moving!), tried to enter a second church into the association, he was refused. They figured one was enough! When the Wellsburgh church started, which was in part a device to deliver Alexander from the wrath of his Redstone brethren, it joined still another Baptist association, known as Mahoning, which proved to be friendly to his cause.

But Brush Run remained in the Redstone Baptist Association all its life and was always considered a Baptist church, even if somewhat different, and Alexander Campbell for all those years was considered a Baptist minister. And it is noteworthy that both the Campbells went out of their way to work with and be a part of some denominational structure.

So, was the first Church of Christ also a Baptist church? In these days of our radical exclusivism these questions growing out of our early history can be embarrassing. There are a few places here and there, in Texas at least, that could not "fellowship" Brush Run, and of course they could not even allow either of the Campbells to speak for them or to lead a prayer.

– *the Editor*

Nothing ever built arose to touch the skies unless some man dreamed that it should, some man believed that it could, and some man willed that it must. – *C. F. Kettering*

The reason a lot of people do not recognize opportunity is because it usually goes around wearing overalls looking like hard work. – *Thomas A. Edison*

THE MARKS OF GREATNESS

I found a gem of a paragraph that served as a filler in an 1861 issue of the *Millennial Harbinger*, one of the wartime volumes that are now scarce. It is entitled "The Great Man" and no author is given. Campbell himself may have penned it or it may have been lifted from another publication. But it served to bless my early morning reading. Rather than quote it in full I'll just tell you about it.

God's hero is not necessarily the man of rank, title and dignity. It is rather the person who looks not on his own things, but the things of others. It is the person who is kind, tender and thoughtful, with a hand to help and a heart to feel. It is the one who spends and is spent so as to lessen the vice and misery in the world.

The great person seeks to bind up the broken-hearted, to befriend the friendless, to cheer the sorrowful, to enlighten the ignorant, and to lift up the poor. In God's sight this is the measure of greatness.

This description of greatness warmed my heart, and yet it reminded me of how much both the church and the world have missed the point of life. But it cautioned me to make sure that I do not allow the lesser things of life to dominate over those set forth here. We are all morally obligated to improve ourselves everyday and to cultivate the marks of true greatness, as the grace of God allows.

Those words "a hand to help and a heart to feel" especially moved me. It is so easy for us to withdraw into our own little selfish world and to forget that God placed us here to be a blessing, *to help and to feel.* When we lose our capacity to feel and to care for another's woe, we have become something less than persons. Certainly we have become less than Christians.

Even Jesus' own disciples had difficulty in getting greatness into proper focus. Visualizing Jesus as a glorious monarch holding sway over all earthly kingdoms, they wondered if they could not sit at his right and left hand and bask in all that splendor. Then came one of our Lord's most startling statements: "Whoever would be great among you must be your servant." (Mt. 20:26). This is at the very heart of Jesus' teaching, but how many of us really act upon it with any appreciable zeal? He calls us to greatness by inviting us to be servants.

The point of our call to be saints is that we be like Jesus. *Oh, to be like thee!* That should be our constant longing and prayer. These marks of greatness were perfectly manifested in his life. He left the glory of heaven and became poor in the world so that we might know the true riches. He was tender, kind and thoughtful. His hands were helping hands and his heart was a feeling heart. He looked upon confused humanity with compassion, not in terms of what they could do for him. He was here to minister, not to be ministered to. His mission was to bind up the broken-hearted, to befriend the friendless, to cheer the sorrowful, to enlighten the ignorant, and to lift up the poor. That is our task, too, and we must *feel* it if we share in his likeness and greatness.

I am convinced that when we act upon these principles of greatness that it will bring power and vitality into our vacuous and impotent lives. The world will look to the church as really being *of Christ* when it sees the power of goodness motivating all we do. The *power of goodness.* The concept is a neglected one. The power of money we know; the power of knowledge we even sometimes know. Certainly the power of high office. But how about the power of goodness? The character of Jesus of Nazareth underscores goodness as the greatest power ever loosed on this earth. Pilate, who had the power to execute him, stands as a weakling beside him. The staves and swords of the Roman guard were as nothing before him. "Do you not know that I can summon my Father and he will send twelve legions of angels," he said to them. Even death and the grave could not hold him. His goodness overcame all the paltry forces that men and demons could devise.

The secret of the good man's life is that he has a greatness that the world does not and cannot know. He can summon his Father and make things happen. – *the Editor*

Pilgrimage of Joy . . .

AND BABY MAKES THREE

W. Carl Ketcherside

I have been casting about for the right word to describe our relationship with the community centered around Nevada, and I have decided upon the term "idyllic." When you look it up in your dictionary you will see at once why I selected it. If you will permit me to backtrack a little, I should like to tell you we moved there on November 7, 1928. After we had remained at my father's home until I recovered strength following my surgery, we returned to Nell's home, so she could vote for a president the first time. The election was on November 6.

The choice was not an agonizing one. She voted for Herbert Hoover. His opponent was Al Smith, four times governor of New York. As if that were not enough to condemn him in the eyes of midwesterners he was also a Catholic and a "wet" during the days of prohibition. Moreover, he wore a brown derby, and the thought of someone in the White House with that kind of hat seemed ridiculous. So Nell voted for Hoover. I was not quite old enough to vote. The Republicans campaigned on their record of increasing prosperity under the Harding and Coolidge administrations. They promised to end poverty and make possible "a chicken in every pot, a car in every garage." None of us realized we were facing a depression in which every car would go to pot and most of us would be raising chickens in the garage.

Nevada is the county seat of Vernon County, Missouri. We moved there because it was about halfway between our parental homes. When we did the rural flavor was still quite pronounced. Both the Missouri Pacific and the Missouri-Kansas-Texas railways ran trains through the town so that it was linked with every part of the United States by connecting lines in great industrial centers. But Nevada was still a country town. Saturday was the big day of the week. Farmers with

produce to sell parked around the courthouse square and dispensed their wares from the backs of their vehicles. There were still hitching racks for those who drove teams.

Sidewalks were crowded with people who visited all day, going home only in time to do the chores in the evening. Harmless gossip flowed freely and tidbits of news were exchanged. When two persons met the general form of greeting was, "Have you heard?" and the newcomer was given the latest news. It was a day when one could speak on the courthouse lawn and be assured of a crowd eager for something to provide a diversion from whittling and spitting tobacco juice at a mark on the ground.

The small congregation meeting in the plain little white frame structure on North Main Street was composed primarily of farmers with a sprinkling of railroad employees. It was under the care of three elders – Brethren Kryselmier, Billings and Journey. The first was a retired "hog-head" as everyone called a railway engineer, the second was a dairyman, and the third a farmer. They did not "hire" me to move to the town to work with the church. They were surprised when I told them I was coming to their town, a decision I reached while holding a meeting for the congregation the year before. I suspected at the time they were glad to hear it, but they did not make a great fuss over the announcement.

No congregation among us had "a minister." I was regarded as an evangelist. There was a clear understanding that the primary task of an evangelist was to proclaim the good tidings to those who had never obeyed the gospel. When a congregation was planted, the evangelist remained to train and prepare his converts until men with the qualifications for bishops arose among them. We were imbued with the idea enunciated by Benjamin Franklin, the gospel preacher, who said, "Feed the whole church the whole word, and leadership will rise among the members as cream rises upon the milk." When men exhibited the qualifications required of bishops they were elected by the multitude of the saints and ordained by the evangelist.

At this juncture his work was terminated as he commended the congregation and the elders "to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." The evangelist was then ready to move on or to band together another group in the locality and duplicate the process. The idea of hiring out to preach the gospel to a congregation of saints with bishops at so much per week, no more entered our minds than it did those of the believers in the days of the apostles. Such terms as hiring or firing preachers, contracts, vacation stipulations, were as foreign to our spiritual vocabulary as they were to the new covenant scriptures.

When an evangelist was a member of a local body of disciples, he held no office or priority in that congregation. As a member he took his turn in edifying and exhorting, but a great deal of the time he was laboring with new or weak places which needed his talents and advice. It seemed silly to concentrate the strongest talent in a place which needed it least. In war the greatest firepower is directed to the weakest spots. During the first winter I was in Nevada I spoke about once every six weeks. At other times I sat with Nell and listened to the other brethren admonish us. But I was making personal calls in every part of the country. I mapped out areas and visited the farm homes of all who lived within the perimeter. I talked to them about the Lord and began to hold Bible studies in rural meetinghouses, grange halls and schoolbuildings at night. Frequently I was invited by the schoolteacher to come and speak to the children during the day. I came to know hundreds of people.

In the town I secured permission to speak one day per week to the crew working in the roundhouse of the Missouri Pacific Railway. While they were eating lunch together I spoke to those who were willing to come. It soon became so much a part of their life that I broke up the card games on the day I was there. I spoke frequently at the chapel for the mental patients in the State Hospital north of town. Soon I was becoming a kind of regular fixture at the noon luncheon clubs of the Rotarians, Kiwanians and Lions. When a speaker cancelled out on them they called me. The railroad men elected me chaplain of the combined Booster Clubs of the Joplin and White River Divisions of the Missouri Pacific.

As a result of these contacts I was immersing men and women in ponds, lakes, rivers, and even stock tanks in feedlots. So many railroaders became Christians that on Sunday "the caller" could come and hand in a list of workmen needed on an emergecy train and we could make up his crew of engineers, firemen, brakemen and conductors, from the congregation. We even had the Railway Express representatives. I was thrilled with life, filled with zest, and ready to believe that we could take the world for Christ.

Then, during the sixth month of our marriage, Nell discovered she was pregnant. I was still soaring on imaginary wings at the thought of being a husband, and now a new dimension was to be added. I would be a father. It was all kind of mind-boggling to realize that at my age I was going to be entrusted with rearing a future president of the United States. I was overwhelmed with the thought that we would have a baby of our very own. As the weeks passed into months and Nell's body began to swell with the new life within, she became as beautiful to me as she appeared grotesque and ungainly to herself. I shall never forget the night I placed my hand against her abdomen and felt the fetal heartbeat of our joint production.

We knew we could not continue another winter in an apartment so cold that ice froze at night in the bucket of water in the kitchen. And then, just as if an unseen hand was guiding our destiny, a small five-room house became vacant directly across the street from the meetinghouse. We rented it and moved in. There was nothing good or fancy about it. Our furniture was not adequate for it, but this did not affect us. The folk in the congregation were good to us and the baby shower provided for all the immediate needs of one about whom we had dreamed but had not yet seen.

There was no hospital in the city so we made arrangements for the delivery at home, following instructions of the dignified and elderly Dr. Love, who seemed to be altogether too calm for such a momentous task. It was early in the morning of September 18, 1929, when Nell prodded me awake to tell me that the hour was approach-

ing. I could not find the light switch in the dark and fell over everything in two rooms trying to get to the telephone. When I finally got the doctor awake to give him the news of the century, he told me he would get dressed and be along as soon as he fixed himself a cup of coffee. I could not understand how anyone could stop to drink coffee while facing the most momentous event of his whole career. I was walking the floor, trying to remember what I had read in doctor books about delivering babies when he knocked on the door.

He was as much a master of delivering young husbands of their fears as he was in delivering young wives of their babies. He told me he would need some things done and issued some orders for me to prepare this and that. While I was bustling about doing it he sat down in our only comfortable chair and took a nap. It was only after it was all over and he had gone that I realized he had asked me to do things which he never referred to or asked about again.

We had arranged for our aged sister in Christ, Mrs. Richard F. Edwards, to come and help us with the baby. She was a precious and gentle soul who had borne a number of children of her own, and had assisted with the birth of many more. She was present soon after the doctor arrived, and proceeding efficiently in spite of my getting in her way. She was helping Dr. Love in the actual delivery when, all of a sudden, he said, "Well, well, it's a fine big boy." It was, too, because the scales registered nine-and-a-half pounds.

Nell seemed to take it fine, but I was completely worn out from the ordeal. I shall never forget the sense of well-being which was mine when they laid Gerald Bernard in my arms for the first time. Nell selected the name, choosing it because we could not think of anyone in either of our families who ever bore such a name. I do not recall that anyone has ever called him Gerald since that morning. Somehow he became tagged with "Jerry" and that is what it has been ever since. A completely new phase of life had begun for us. I found myself humming a snatch of the song made famous by "Little Jack Little" a famous radio performer of the time, ". . . the baby makes three, we're happy in my blue heaven."

When I had recovered sufficiently to walk to town I went to the office of Dr. Love and told him I had come to pay my bill. He got out his account book and said, "Let me see. I examined your wife four times here in the office during her pregnancy, and then came to the house and delivered the baby, and have made two trips back since to check on things. I'm afraid I shall have to charge you thirty dollars in all, but if you think that is too much I can take the baby in on it."

I have known a lot of experiences in life. Some of them have been tragic. Others were joyful. But for sheer pleasure mingled with constant concern there is nothing equal to rearing a baby. Every degree of fever arouses grave apprehension. Every little cry at night is heard and brings you from a snug bed to tramp across a cold linoleum. In reality, babies are tyrants. They are utterly and wholly selfish. It is better to realize this and be truthful about it. They scream until they grow livid in the face and quickly change to gurgles of contentment as soon as you pick them up and start talking softly in the special vernacular

of baby-talk which they love. If you do not pick one of them up soon enough he shifts into the tactic of holding his breath. You become frantic. The fact is that no baby ever died from holding his breath. He always catches it just in time to go on living and employ the same ruse next time.

Babies belch in your face and burp down your back just when you are preparing to leave for a special meeting and haven't time to change suits, if you are fortunate enough to have another one. You arrive smelling like the custodian in the sour cream division of the local dairy. Babies sleep all morning and arouse only to mess up their diapers just when you have poured the coffee and sat down to luncheon. The timing of a baby is uncanny. He can be trusted implicitly to disrupt any plan and wreak havoc on any schedule. And he is worth every minute of it!

His first attempt at crawling, the first time he yanks the table cloth off and sits amidst the wreckage gaily flailing away at it and scattering gravy with both hands, the first stumbling step, the first bumbling word, all of these are mileposts in a career, the topic of telephone calls with which to bore patient listeners, the subject of letters with which to thrill the hearts of distant grandparents. Regardless of one's educational attainments, he will learn more about life by living with a baby than by sitting in ivy-covered towers of scholasticism listening to bearded professors.

But the world has to go on even if you have a baby. No moratorium is declared on the making of history while you play with your offspring. Six days after Jerry was born Lieutenant Jimmie Doolittle made the first all-instrument plane flight. A new era was ushered in. One month later the stock market crashed. Millions of shares were dumped. Billions of dollars were lost. On October 29 panic selling increased. The ticker tape was almost three hours behind. Thousands of investors saw their fortunes completely wiped out. Some of them jumped from office windows to shatter their bodies on the concrete far below. Men who were wealthy a few days before blew their brains out rather than face life as paupers. Fear and foreboding gripped the country.

Men began to speak of national bankruptcy. It was as if some evil genius had suddenly taken control. The feeling of ominous threat was heightened when a strange fire broke out in the Executive Office building in Washington, D.C., on Christmas Eve. We were tottering on the brink of "The Great Depression."

Monthly Musing . . .

THE CAUTIOUS MEN

Robert Meyers

Because I believe a Chinese proverb which says that "a single conversation across the table with a wise man is worth a month's study of books," when I meet people with interests like my own I can hardly wait for that moment when we "open up" and disclose our minds to each other.

The Oriental theorem has become a living truth for me. I have sat at table with Leroy Garrett and Carl Ketcherside, to name familiar names, and experienced the truth of Proverbs 27:17 – "As iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens the wits of another." We have discovered with Emerson in those happy moments that "good talk is the laboratory and workshop of the student."

But not every man whose talk would enrich me has been willing to reveal his mind. Often I am disappointed because a new friend, though his deepest concerns parallel mine, chooses to stay behind his fortress of reserve. We make polite and meaningless noises, and after a time we separate knowing nothing significant about each other. I have met a cautious man.

It is naive, probably to expect candor so quickly as I often look for it. But I know how fast time flies and how, in Robert Frost's words, "way leads on to way," and I fear always that I may not have another chance to look deeply into this stranger's mind and to learn from him.

Because of a lifelong interest in religion, I am most hopeful when I talk with men who teach and preach Christianity. I expect them to be so excited about theology that the barriers will fall quickly and we will mutually identify our hearts and minds. But it is with this very group that I am most often disappointed, particularly when the teaching or preaching minister is respected and supported by some large, orthodox group.

In such cases, almost invariably, the man refuses to commit himself unreservedly to discussion of sensitive issues. He prefers caution. He puts his fingertips together judiciously, he ponders the floor, he points out that brethren *do* differ on these matters, he says he tries to see all sides, he is hopeful that all will work out in the end.

What he says, finally, is nothing.

That this caution is a form of wisdom I know well enough. It is the best possible way to stay out of trouble. It provides a dubious if effective cement for holding together many disparate elements in one's class or congregation by making them think that their teacher or preacher shares all their ideas. It makes for survival in a world where far too many people respect only the man who nods agreeably to all received opinions.

Some verses which deserve to be better known express my view of such caution:

A wise man holds himself in check,
But fools and poets run ahead.
One must be credulous or sit
Forever with the living dead.

The wise man shuts his door at night
And pulls the bolts and drops the bars.
One must go trustful through the dark
To earn the friendship of the stars.

A part of believing in others is believing in their eagerness to hear, without irritation, one's deepest convictions. One must open the doors and go trustful through the dark labyrinth of another's mind, or sit forever with the living dead who ask no questions, frame no rebuttals, upset no cherished opinions.

"I don't like to talk much with people who always agree with me." Those are the words of a man who is fearless about his own opinions. "It is amusing," Thomas Carlyle went on, "to coquette with an echo for a little while, but one soon tires of it."

As I reflect upon the college lectureships I have so often attended, and even upon those protracted affairs we too easily identified as "gospel meetings," I wonder if in their careful caution they were not sometimes exactly what Carlyle described: coquettery with an echo.

No one can be perfectly free until all are free. — *Spencer*

OFFICE NOTES

Ray Miller, 4388 Rota Circle, Ft. Worth 76133, is a brother who seeks to earn a living even if he has to do it from a wheel chair. Through the years he has developed a dependable magazine subscription service. He has made some renewals for us to national publications, at no extra cost to us, and it helps him along. Why not let him attend to these chores for you?

The republication of the *Millennial Harbinger* is now a reality, all 41 volumes, from 1830 to 1870. The College Press is to be commended for such an excellent job. I compared the new edition with my priceless set of originals, side by side, and was made to marvel at what science has done. Alexander Campbell would be delighted! By means of photographic reproduction the set is an exact reproduction, but the print has been slightly enlarged, making for easier reading. The hardback binding is beautiful and durable. What a blessing this is for those who want to make a serious study of our history. We sold several sets at the pre-publication rate, and we are still prepared to make you a good deal at 289.00 for the complete set. We might be able to allow you to pay this out over three installments. Write us about it. What a bargain this is when you realize that each of these volumes, averaging about 700 pages, is easily worth 10.00 to 12.00 each.

We are pleased that our bound volumes are as much in demand as they are. We are now in short supply of our 1967 volume. 1966 and 1969 are all gone. But we can still supply 1967, 1968, and 1970 (single volumes) at 3.50 each, and 1971-72 and 1973-74 (double volumes) at 4.50 and 4.95. The double volume for 1975-76 is now being bound. If you have ordered it, it will be sent to you with invoice enclosed. We have had more advance orders for this one than ever before. We plan to double the number to be bound of this 1977 edition, which will be a single volume of 240 pages. It is not too early for you to place your order for it, but if you have ordered the last volume there will be a convenient way for you to reserve a copy of the next one on the invoice you will return to us with remittance.

We can supply you with both volumes 1 and 2 of William Barclay's *Daily Celebration*, which are half-page (more or less) meditations on various subjects, one for each day of the year. Ouida and I ignore the calendar arrangements and read freely here and there and all the way through. Delightful and instructive! 5.95 each, and they can be purchased separately.

Harry Boer's *Short History of the Early Church* is a readable and understandable story of the church for the first few centuries. Whether it's the formation of the canon, the Apostles' Creed, or the persecutions against the church, the author lays out the facts, shelled! Only 3.20

Those of you interested in Restoration history will want the *Biography of John T. Johnson* by John Rogers. 5.50. And we have McGarvey's *Commentary on Acts* for 5.95. Louis Cochran's paperback edition of *The Fool of God*, a historical novel on Alexander Campbell, is 3.75.

You will find William Neil's *The Difficult Sayings of Jesus* exciting and refreshing. Thirty-four subjects are treated, such as self-discipline, marriage and divorce, church and state, renouncing the world, all of them pointing to some difficult saying. 4.95.

One reason K. C. Moser's *The Way of Salvation* keeps on selling after 40 years (and especially of late) is that many of us have just now come to appreciate what he was trying to tell us about the grace of God in this work on Romans. It is also being re-reviewed these days, even though Cled Wallace and G. C. Brewer have reviews in this edition that is still available. It is dedicated to those "who have learned something of the riches of God's grace." It will be hard for you to believe that this could have come out of the Church of Christ of 1933. Perhaps it figures that recent reviews are on the negative side and from our far right wing. 3.50.

OUR CHANGING WORLD

Keith Sigler of Hutchinson, Kansas reports that his family of five have a total of 90 years of every-Sunday church attendance. No illness was serious enough to keep them from the assembly, and even the babies arrived at such a time that no one ever had to miss, not even when infants. That must be something of a record. They've always attended Christian Churches - Churches of Christ. Despite the record, they are not legalistic about it, and do not believe that such attendance is an absolute imperative. "Since I perceive that Christians of every age need this weekly togetherness, I believe it is my sacred obligation to perpetuate this custom," he says. But Alexander Campbell, for one, would put it stronger than that. A vital principle of "the reformation," as he called it, is the revival of three institutions ordained of God: immersion, the Lord's Supper, and the Lord's Day. No church can be a true church without these, he insisted.

Audrey Althaus, a dear sister who visited us from Canada last summer, penned a piece in the *Canadian Disciple* on "Let's Tiptoe into Christmas." One paragraph especially caught my eye: "Imagine the consternation of prophet, priest and king . . . had they but known! They expected the spectacular, and here lay a Hebrew baby; simple, humble, weak – one of thousands born daily. They expected majesty, and here were rags, a trough, and a barn. They expected celebrations and revelry, and here was a quiet night broken only by the singing of angels and the light of a star. God has chosen the foolish things to confound the wise, the weak things to confound the mighty."

John Leonard in the *Highlighter*, bulletin of the Highland Park Church of Christ in Dallas: "Many feel liberalism is the great foe facing the church. An enemy it is, but the greatest foe is the Pharasaic-Corinthianistic trait in the church. Too many are converted to the product of the Restoration Movement and too many are deplete of the spiritual nature of Jesus Christ – 'if any person is in Christ he is a new creature.' Changes are demanded, restoration of truth is not complete, tradition must be reproved and revised, and most importantly, Jesus must become our true Lord."

In his September issue of *Ensign Fair*, editor R. L. Kilpatrick writes: "A preacher asked me recently, 'Why do you run those articles by Leroy Garrett and Carl Ketcherside and take a chance on ruining your magazine?' " His answer is that he believes Ketcherside and Garrett have something to say that we need to hear and that they "probably know the brotherhood better than anyone living." He adds: "They are in contact with all divisions and splinters of the Restoration Movement and they are not hung up on the myriads of partisan issues running rampant throughout the brotherhood." And then he lays it on: "Another reason is because I am sick and tired of a System that brands and stigmatizes brethren like Ketcherside and Garrett to prevent them from being heard, and believe me we are in the throes of such a System! . . . Therefore, listen to what these brethren say; reject what you can prove to be false; accept what is true; and in matters of opinion afford them the same liberty that you desire for yourself, and when you can do this, you are spiritually mature." Ouida was sitting at the graphotype cutting plates when I read this article to her. "Wow!" was her response. So if you want to be wowed, write the editor at 2710 Day Road, Huntsville, Al. 35801. Subs are 3.00 a year. One of the readers wrote to the editor: "If I had been told that such a voice could have come out of Alabama I would have laughed in disbelief. Now I know that in spite of the dark days behind, the revolution among us cannot be denied. The chorus of free voices will swell louder and louder as time goes on."

Arnold Hardin, preacher in one of our churches in Dallas, writes as follows in a recent issue of *Gospel Guardian:* "We will never see everything alike – nor must we! One has said, 'Legalism produces a spiritual police state.' Amen! It ought to be horrifying to all of us that such a state of things is so rapidly being formed among us in the church. Where did this foolish belief originate that we must see everything alike, or else, those differing from us are automatically unworthy of God's fellowship, therefore, unworthy of ours? If such be so then each of us must worship alone. Such childish conclusions are unworthy of Christians."

READERS EXCHANGE

Why struggle with the hard core Church of Christ? Is it worth it? My horizon is brighter than the Church of Christ sect. – *Buff Scott, Cherokee, Ia.*

(I was once hard core myself and I changed. Many others among us have changed or are changing into more intelligent and responsible believers. I do it because I love them. I won't leave and they can't run me off. We're stuck with each other. Besides, we serve the Lord by working somewhere, and where is better than where one is? I'm also stubborn. *–Ed.)*

Keep up the great work you are doing! Each issue gives us courage and encouragement! – *Abilene*

May the Lord bless and help all your readers. Perhaps more will have the freedom of fellowship that we share with many churches in Victoria. – *Mrs. Tom Snyder, Victoria, Tx.*